

Chapter One - What's Going On

Wednesday 11.30pm

Some Dive in Caymen, Anywhere, USA.

I never wanted this case, but then who would? I've been here for three days now, and am no closer to knowing the who, why, what of the matter than I was three days before. And then, I knew nothing. All I knew is I was put on a plane and told to sort things out. And here I am. Sorting things out. Sorting what out? Well, I don't know, all I was told was to come to the city and look into the Zaibatsu, and see what I could find. But everyone knows about the Zaibatsu. It's like saying go and find out about the sun. Everyone knows about Play Drugs. Hell, I even do Zoom Zoom myself. I don't know about the wrongs and rights of the thing. I ain't here to make moral judgements. Just do my job and get the hell out of here. Only, I don't know what my job is. So, I've done a little research. Same as usual, bribed a cop, got the files, had a glance through, a stiff drink, a couple of beni-proto-quadracyclonals and waited for the apocalypse, only nothing happened. I must be getting' stale. When you can't even get high, you know you're getting' stale. That's what daddy used to say to me, and he died of liver failure at the age of thirty eight, so he ought to know. So here I am, using drugs to try to investigate the makers of the drugs, kind of like a wine taster trying to solve the case of disappearing wine. Don't know much about these Zaibatsu dudes, but they make damn fine play drugs. But anyway, back to the matter at hand, which is now in my mouth and it ain't bad. Zoom Zoom certainly is finer stuff than BPQCs, no wonder Zaibatsu are cleaning up. The first leisure pharmacist and still the best. The Zaibatsu Corporation, eh? Well, I've un-earthed a few things about them, but it's very much dirt free earth, I guess. And when the earth ain't dirty, then what the hell is? Just a few adverts for Zoom Zoom, and their other play stuff and nothin' else. Hmm, well not really, the big wigs are a little odd, but then so am I, AND IF YOU'RE GETTING THESE TRANSMISSIONS, THEN SO ARE YOU TOO -

WHAT AM I DOING HERE? What's been going on with the Zaibatsu corp? well I've hacked into the police files for the leaders of the Zaibatsu and attempted to get some more info on them, and I've got a company profile, and it turns out the public and private image of Zaibatsu Corporation, is, er, somewhat different. Along with more fingers in more pies than your average pie fingerer, it turns out not all of their activities are strictly legal, and above board. Genetic Modification and vicious cloning experiments, leisure narcotics, and piles sensitive toilet paper, vans and cars, this is legal pleasure seeking, and all well and good, but armaments? They don't have the license to manufacture weaponry. Now, everyone knows a license can be bought pretty cheap, so why haven't they got one? And intellectual enhancement? I mean everyone heard the rumours, and a lot of people claimed to have undergone the experience, but nobody really believes in it. It's just an urban myth, like blue skies, and healthy babies and fertile men. That stuff just doesn't happen. Why doesn't that woman call me? Where's my assistant when I need him? Does anyone know what's going on?

Chapter Two - Moving Just to Stay Still

Thursday, 10.35pm

Another dive, this time in Disgracelands, Anywhere, U.S.A.

Well, it turns out some guys do know what's goin' on... and it also turns up they don't want me to know too much. All I does is turn up this mornin' at the head of Zaibatsu Corp, the famous tower block downtown, famous as the Zaibatsu Corporation itself, and cause of much of the mystic surroundin' this master class of odd balls, and begin asking one of the donkeys on the door how I can speak to Mr. Hollow Kost or Mr. Trey Welsh, and how should appear but another of my intended interviewees, Red Valdez,

storming past from his limousine sniffin' like he's got some hay fever or somethin' but it's February, and wild eyed likes he's seen a ghost, and before I can ask him about his involvement with the illegal micro-biotic simulation, and the famed anal leakage scandal, that so ruined the last visit to our pretty city by a British Royal, he's a shakin my hand, said it was all a mistake, and would I be so kind, but there's been a terrible mistake, and would I mind my re-directing my attention to a mysterious group known, somewhat unimaginatively, as the Scientists... Well what was I to? Valdez clearly knew who I was, and slipped me a 6 pack of Zoom Zoom, and would I mind leavin' the premises immediately as this mission was supposedly covert...

So, like the sucker for a smile that I am, only usually it's broads, not suntanned guys interestin' the D.E.A. and the Forbes 100, but what can I say? Anyhow, I still ain't got a proper brief, so I think I'll just have a look at the Scientists... so I type Scientist into my search engine... I must be loosin' my mind... 40,000,000 matches later, and I have a re-think. Or rather the phone rings... it's getting' dark, maybe it's some broad, I'm thinkin', but no, it's my assistant, the sturdy and solid but unimaginative member of the team who can't tell when a guy wants to slug him, or when a broad wants to make horizontal in another way... "Boss, he says, got some interestin' news, turns out this town ain't all it appears from a distance... them Zaibatsu guys are offerin' the government all manner of incentives not to investigate their imports from South America too closely... but we all knew that anyway" Did we? Smart ass. "And that the rest of the leisure industry is a carve up between two very different groups, the Scientists AKA S.A.M.E. (Scientists Against Medical Ethics), P.E.R.V. , ProjectS X, Project HATRIX, The Scientists Mental Project (The S&M; Project), and a group of Hillbilly Rednecks. I've hacked into the secret files of both, and I'll sending 'em both over to you." Well, talk about using a hammer to crack an egg, the old bloke did it, did everythin' necessary to get things movin, although in no particular direction... so I'm sittin' there puttin' in the hours with the Zoom Zoom, the Single Malt and the info he sent through, when there was a knock at the door... some dame with a black eye and a sob story, I'm thinking, but no... it never is, I guess, and this time ain't no exception... it's some tough sayin' "I got a message from Valdez, he says "Look forward, never back." And, never one to be out done on the repartee, I respond with "Well, tell Valdez this, pay peanuts, and you gets monkeys" And the guy laughs, and I realise what I meant to say was "Tell Valdez, stop monkeyin' around and tell me what to do." But before I can explain myself, he says "Valdez says don't be lookin' to closely at him, or you'll get burned, look at the Big Icelandic Guy. He's the problem for us and for society, but police can't seem to land nothin' on him, despite us givin' em a load of fake evidence." Then he lands one on my face, just 'cause we're men, and otherwise people would think we was Jolly Rogers... now who is this Icelandic Guy? One of them Scientists? And then there's a knock at the door and it's three guys who all looks the same..."

Chapter Three - A Confusing Riddle

Tuesday 9.45am

A white walled room somewhere

Well, that's the understatement of the decade, I think. For those of you who ain't sure what's a goin' on, join the club, and pay your subscription. Min's a scotch on the rocks, which is precisely where I am. On the rocks. Not in Scotland. So, I gets warned off Valdez, while at the same time, I'm told to watch out for an Icelandic guy, who my not-as-sharp-as-a-lump-o-cork side kick tells me is a Scientist. The Scientist runs a farm full o geneticised wonder beings in town somewhere, and he's a lookin' for assistance, because his genetically perfect super-beasts (I've heard tell that they're somethin' like that broad on TV only with better legs, and it's all real, and the guys look like a right bunch of fairies) are perfect in every way - looks, brains, biceps, even got a bigger soul than you or I, (souls not bein' the most important thing in my line o' work - detection -

or my line o' leisure - broads and booze) - but these wonder beings ain't so good against colds or the flu. Turns out they die when exposed to either. A right bunch of lightweights. At least that's what my assistant told me on the phone the other day.

I, meanwhile, have been keeping very busy - Valdez said to investigate the Icelandic guy, some professor, only I didn't know where to begin. And then what should appear? Well, nothing as it turns out. But, we've now got a mystery without a mystery and with three separate points of interest. On the one hand, there's Valdez, fishier than a three week old halibut and twice as oily, then there's Professor Lars Von Bastardson, our Icelandic Megalomaniac geneticist, then there's these real scumbags I've begun to notice. Only, there ain't just one bunch of scumbags, there's two. Firstly, we've got these redneck hillbillies, who supply all the best Beanie, including this here bottle I'm drinking now, and then we've got this gang, who I can only call lunatics, which is lucky 'cause they go by the name of The Loonies. Run by a few nutters. Lunatics who took over the asylum. Now how they piece together I don't know, but my assistant's got a theory - he reckons it's due to this stuff Zoom Zoom - apparently ol Bastardson used to work at Zaibatsu, and the mutants he builds are particularly susceptible to the water supply if it's got any traces of Zoom Zoom in it, making them very keen on the mutant broads and thereby ruining the asexual genetically driven reproduction which Lars favours. At the same time, these Loonies can't get enough of the stuff (Zoom Zoom, not sex, although it turns out they can't get enough of that either), while the rednecks, with their beanie moonshine are threatening the sales of Zoom Zoom all over town. And the Loonies love Beanie too. Anyway, that's my assistant's theory. Reckons we might be being set up because the government want to ban Zoom Zoom, while the Zaibatsu want to kill the Rednecks, and destroy their beanie sills. So, Mr. Straight laced Senator who's due to pay a visit to town in a few days is going to get killed in a massive bomb in the trailer park, were the rednecks live, and we're being set up as eco-terrorists. Well, blow me with a three year old hoover. Sounds a lot of stuff and nonsense.

Now, as for me, I'm in a spot of trouble. In a white cell. No visible means of escape. All from when I decided to go and pay these Loonies, and their boss, Gov. J. Rotten, a visit, and being ever so polite, they gave me what they called an Executive relief Cocktail. Well, I can take me drink, but that, according to the system clock was three days ago... It seemde like a good idea at the time. Now, where's that assistant of mine.